

West Parish Church

Andover, Massachusetts

Historical Sketches

1908

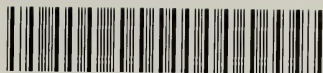
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WEST PARISH CHURCH

ANDOVER, MASSACHUSETTS



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Foreword

By Rev. J. EDGAR PARK

THE Diamond Anniversary of the West Parish Church in Andover, was observed on Thursday, December fifth, nineteen hundred and one. The afternoon session was devoted to historical addresses. The Church desired to preserve these in a permanent form and issues this volume in response to the desire of very many throughout the country to whom every remembrance of the church is dear.

Three former pastors occupy important charges elsewhere: Rev. F. W. Greene, in Middletown, Conn.; Rev. R. A. MacFadden, in Danvers, Mass., and Rev. G. A. Andrews, in Holliston, Mass. A number of the sons of the church and parish have themselves become ministers of the gospel: Rev. J. G. Merrill, President of Fisk University, is a son of our former pastor; Rev. W. C. Merrill, formerly of Lynn, now of Santa Barbara, California, was also born in our parish and joined our church under Rev. J. H. Merrill's ministry; Rev. George Moor, D.D., for years Professor in Pacific Theological Seminary, California, was reared under the ministry of Dr. Jackson and was for a time an inmate of his household.

The West Parish Church was erected in 1826, the vestry in 1856. The parsonage was built by Rev. S. C. Jackson as a residence, and was sold by him to Rev. C. H. Pierce. After Mr. Pierce's time it became the property of the parish.

The Parish was established in 1827. Edward Buck in his "Massachusetts Ecclesiastical Law" says: "The West Parish in Andover was probably the very last purely ecclesiastical parish in the Commonwealth".

In 1692, "those men in ye West Side of Shawshin River" were granted "ye liberty of a burying place by ye wayside, near ye head of ye place called Rowell's Folly, provided they fence it handsomely against swine and other creatures within a year from that date". Not till 1751 does this land appear to have been accepted. The earliest graves in our cemetery are about 1790 to 1795. Many of the trees on the parish grounds were planted by people once well known and loved, the large elm on the corner of the parsonage grounds next to the church, was planted by Miss Mary P. Faulkner.

A cross-section of the church's activity at the time of publication may serve to show that age has not impaired its vigor. There are 206 members, 27 joined by confession or letter last year. There are two Sunday Schools and three Christian Endeavor Societies in the parish each Sunday, and a prayer meeting is held during the week. The Seamen's Friend Society has a social each winter month. The Juvenile Missionary Society meets twice a month, and in connection with it the Boy's West Centre Club spends every Saturday afternoon in the workshop and gymnasium at the parsonage, and the Girls' Sunshine Club holds weekly meetings. The Literary Circle studied consistently "Tennyson's Idylls", and last winter read through the chief plays of Shakespeare at its fortnightly meetings. The

Ladies' Mission Circle too was admitted last summer as an auxiliary of the Women's Board of Foreign Missions and met twice a month to study Japan. A Church Calendar, a gift from a member of the church, is published every week. The choir practices regularly on Saturday evenings and has been under paid leadership for about a year. Socials have been held in the outlying districts and the musical, social and sunshine departments of the Christian Endeavor Society each add to the fullness of the church's usefulness in the parish.

Yet one by one the old homes are passing into the hands of foreigners of other faiths or other tongues, and the prayer of the church today is that it may be enabled to see how it can in these altered conditions continue to do the best work for the kingdom of God.

DECEMBER 12, 1906.

Pastors and Deacons

PASTORS

REV. SAMUEL C. JACKSON, D.D.

Ordained and Installed June 6, 1827.

Dismissed September 25, 1850.

REV. CHARLES H. PIERCE.

Ordained and Installed October 8, 1850.

Dismissed April 11, 1855.

REV. JAMES H. MERRILL

Installed April 30, 1856.

Dismissed December 1, 1879.

REV. AUSTIN H. BURR.

Installed April 29, 1880.

Dismissed January 21, 1885.

REV. FREDERICK W. GREENE.

Ordained and Installed September 3, 1885.

Dismissed January 11, 1895.

REV. ROBERT T. MACFADDEN.

Ordained and Installed June 12, 1896.

Dismissed May 11, 1898.

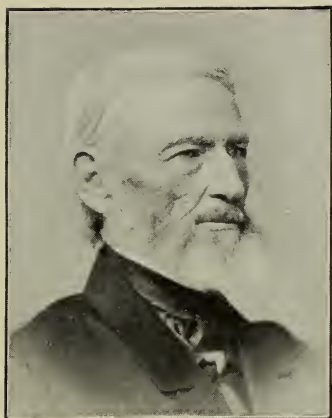
REV. GEORGE ARTHUR ANDREWS.

Ordained and Installed June 14, 1899.

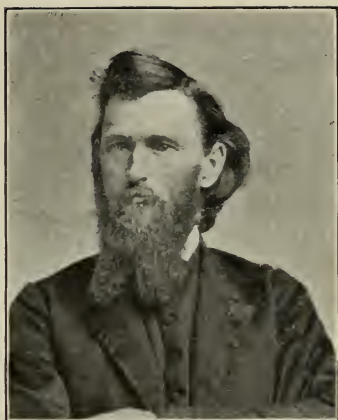
Dismissed February 25, 1904.

REV. J. EDGAR PARK.

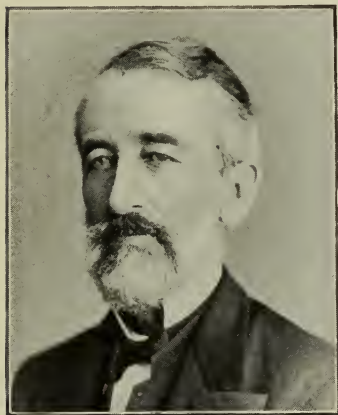
Installed September 29, 1904.



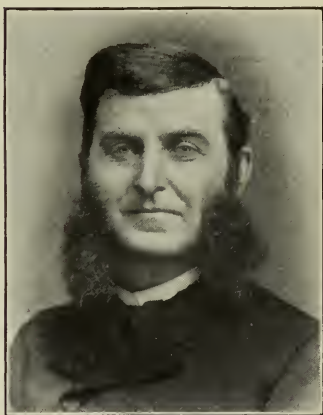
REV. S. C. JACKSON



REV. CHARLES H. PIERCE



REV. J. H. MERRILL



REV. A. H. BURR



REV. J. EDGAR PARK

DEACON N. GILBERT ABBOTT

DEACON PETER D. SMITH

DEACON SAM'L H. BOUTWELL

DEACON EDWARD F. ABBOTT

DEACONS

ZEBADIAH ABBOTT.

December 30, 1826 — October 5, 1832.

SOLOMON HOLT.

December 30, 1826 — April 15, 1829.

EBENEZER LOVEJOY.

December 30, 1826 — October 23, 1850.

SOLOMON HOLT.

September 3, 1830 — April 3, 1833.

PETER SMITH.

October 5, 1832 — July 6, 1880.

JACOB DASCUMB.

October 5, 1832 — September 3, 1874.

NATHAN MOOAR.

October 31, 1850 — October 14, 1887.

N. GILBERT ABBOTT.

September 3, 1874 —

PETER D. SMITH.

March 4, 1881 —

E. FRANCIS HOLT.

January 3, 1883 — January 3, 1894.

SAMUEL H. BOUTWELL.

December 28, 1887.

EDWARD F. ABBOTT.

January 3, 1894,

The West Church, Andover

By Miss SUSANNA E. JACKSON

WHEN this meeting-house was built, now the oldest church edifice in Andover, the town embraced what is now North Andover, and also South Lawrence. In this extensive township there were but two meeting-houses and the chapel of the Theological Seminary.

For more than fifty years the people living west of the Shawsheen had endeavored to divide the South parish and to have a second church. The parish was too large for one minister. The church was too small to accommodate all who wished to worship there. "This raised the price of seats, and thus excluded some, and afforded excuse for others to neglect" attendance. The great distance from their homes was a reason for the negligence of others.

At first, in 1771, the proposition was made to erect a larger building. But persons living five or six miles distant were unwilling to be taxed for a new house on the old grounds, and insisted on either a more central location or a division of the parish.

Later efforts for a division were all unsuccessful, until, finally, "February 6, 1826, the South Church voted to build a house for worship on the westerly side of the Shawsheen River," "to choose a committee to decide its location," and another "to draft a plan for a meeting-house." These committees acted promptly, and everything seemed to promise speedy achievement, when some sudden gust of opposition arose, for March 20, 1826, it was "voted, so far to reconsider all former votes on the subject of building, as to postpone indefinitely further measures relative to building."

Evidently, the people on "the westerly side of the Shawsheen" made up their minds, at this point, to take matters into their own hands. Capt. Solomon Holt drew up and circulated a subscription paper. Receiving sufficient encouragement, the estimated cost was divided into shares, which were all paid within a year and a half, Capt. Holt giving the land for the meeting-house and horsesheds.

The cornerstone was laid June 15, 1826, with appropriate ceremonies, Dr. Justin Edwards, the pastor, delivering the address. At our seventy-fifth anniversary we have with us three persons who were present at this ceremony, Mrs. Mary Ingalls Abbott, Mrs. Mary A. Calahan, and Mr. Andrew Frye.

Local granite furnished the material for the house, which was soon completed at an expense a little exceeding \$5500. As at first constructed it contained ninety-eight pews, had side galleries, and could seat over six hundred people. Instead of its present spire, the belfry was a square tower. Three doors in front gave entrance. There were windows on each side of the pulpit and but two aisles. It faced the only street then leading directly to the south parish. The street on which the parsonage stands was not in existence.

When the meeting-house was finished, application was made to the Legislature for a legal division of territory between the old parish and the new, and establishing the limits of the new portion. In 1827 an Act of Incorporation was obtained. The territory thus conceded under the name of the West Parish of Andover embraced the six school districts — Bailey, Osgood, Abbott, Chandler (now Centre), Frye, and Poor. The Poor District, near South Lawrence, contained but nine families, and was commonly called "Moose County". In this territory were one hundred and fifty-eight families, eight hundred and seventy inhabitants.

The terms of the parish boundary are thus stated:

"Beginning near the Tewksbury line it runs near Mr. Aaron Frost's; thence northerly to the Hop-Kiln near Lieut. Peter French's;* thence northeasterly to a white oak tree standing on land of David Baker,† near the road leading from Holt's bridge,‡ so-called, to Capt. Solomon Holt's; thence northeastwardly to the corner§ of the road leading from E. L. Herrick's to the paper mill; thence by said road to the bridge crossing the Shawsheen River at paper mill;|| thence by said river to the North Parish bounds."

In the separation of the parishes there arose some important and deliberate questions, chief of which was the apportioning of the fund for ministerial support. All questions were amicably settled. The fund was to be divided annually, three-eighths to the West Church, five-eighths to the South. In case the West Church should be without a settled pastor, its share during the vacancy was to be added to the principal.

The minister's salary was fixed at \$600 a year. As this sum was found to be insufficient, \$200 were afterward added, to be raised by subscription. Individual subscriptions were often paid in wood, peat, hay, and other farm produce.

November 28, 1826, the meeting-house being nearly ready for use, a petition was presented to the South Church, by Isaac Mooar, Paul Hunt, and others, for dismission from that church "in order that they might be formed into a separate church to be called the West Church of Andover."

The request having been granted on the day of its presentation, a committee was chosen to call a council to organize the new church. This committee consisted

* Now Mr. George Pillsbury's.

† Tree is still standing, near Mr. Geo. Baker's.

‡ The bridge near Railroad Bridge.

§ The corner on which Peter D. Smith's house now stands. Herrick house gone.

|| Now Marland Village mills.

of Capt. Solomon Holt, Zebadiah Abbott, and Ebenezer Lovejoy. The churches invited to sit in council were the Congregational churches in Wilmington, Bedford, Tewksbury, Reading, and the South Church, Andover.

December 5, 1826, the council convened in the South Church and organized the new church, and finally received it into the fellowship of the churches. The public services consisted of prayer by Rev. Jared Reed of Reading; sermon by Rev. Samuel Stearns of Bedford; reading of the confession of faith and covenant by Rev. Jacob Coggin of Tewksbury; right hand of fellowship by Rev. Justin Edwards; concluding prayer by Rev. Freegrace Reynolds of Wilmington. "It was an occasion of deep and solemn interest, and many wept as they bade adieu to the place where they and their fathers had worshipped." "The new church was founded upon a faith strictly evangelical, its founders believing this to be 'the faith once delivered to the saints'."

The original members numbered fifty-six, most of them former members of the South Church.

December 26, 1826, the meeting-house was dedicated, Rev. Justin Edwards preaching the sermon.

December 30, 1826, Zebadiah Abbott, Capt. Solomon Holt, and Ebenezer Lovejoy were elected deacons.

December 31, 1826, the first Sabbath services were held in the West Church.

March 19, 1827, the parish society was formed.

March 30, 1827, the church voted to invite Mr. Samuel C. Jackson to become its pastor. Mr. Jackson was graduated from the Seminary the preceding September, and was but twenty-five years old, although, before he entered the Theological Seminary, he had spent two years in the study of the law. Following the advice of Prof. Porter, he accepted the call, and was ordained June 26, 1827.

The ordination services were as follows: Mr. Reynolds, of Wilmington, read the proceedings of the council; Prof. Moses Stuart preached the sermon from the text,

"Show thyself a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth." Dr. Justin Edwards made the introductory prayer. Rev. Wm. Jackson, of Dorset, Vt., father of the candidate, gave the charge, which is said to have been "solemn beyond description, affecting the assembly to tears." Rev. John Maliby, brother-in-law of the candidate, gave the right hand of fellowship. Rev. Jonathan French, of North Hampton, N. H., son of a former pastor of the South Church, addressed the people. Rev. Jacob Eastman, of Methuen, made the concluding prayer.

One of the choir who sang that day is still with us, Mrs. Mary A. Callahan.

The first wedding, conducted by the pastor, occurred the following day, the parties being Timothy Bailey and Sally Poor. The first baptisms took place the next Sunday, June 10, of two infants, Martha Trow and Abram Stickney Barnard. The first funeral was that of Miss Hannah Holt, August 20.

The first sermon by the young pastor was from the text "Preach the Word"; the second, from its correlative, "Take heed how ye hear".

Sunday morning, June 24, 1827, Mr. Asa Bullard delivered an address on Sunday Schools, and at noon a school was organized of more than one hundred scholars and twenty-eight teachers, Mr. Bullard consenting to be its superintendent. For many years the superintendents were students from the Seminary, and some of them became foreign missionaries. Isaac Bliss and his brother Edwin, both of whom went to Turkey, and Mr. Whitney who went to the Micronesian Islands, and Messrs. Grout and Walker to Africa.

Religious interest began to be specially manifested in the congregation. July 17, 1827, at the first inquiry meeting, held in the pastor's study, nineteen persons were present, and the attendance steadily increased.

November 4, thirty-six persons were admitted to the

church on profession of their faith. At the close of the year, the church membership had increased to ninety-five.

The first female prayermeeting was held, July 20, 1827, at Mr. Simeon Flint's, beyond Haggett's Pond.

On the last Sabbath of 1827, Mr. Jackson preached a sermon on "The Blessings of the Year". The favor with which this sermon was received suggested the practice of preaching on the first Sunday of the year a review of its predecessor, in which he gave a brief biography of every person who had died in the parish during that year. These sermons now constitute a parish chronicle. There was always a full house on New Year's Sunday. Even five years after his dismissal, in the absence of a pastor, Mr. Jackson was requested to give another New Year memorial sermon.

In those days, there were held, besides the Sunday School, three services every Lord's Day. The morning service began at the same time as at present. It was followed by the Sunday School, which was held in the meeting-house. During the summer the infant class went to the old red schoolhouse near by; in winter it occupied the gallery on the left side of the pulpit. There was a large class of men in the singer's gallery, the teacher being a theological student. One of these teachers was Geo. Atkinson, afterward the first Home Missionary Superintendent of Oregon, a great and good man. There were several classes for women, also usually taught by students.* After Sunday School there was a brief intermission, when women and children partook of a lunch brought from home. The men who did not attend the Bible class, held a court for gossip in the horsesheds, where the sermon, politics, and local affairs received attention.

At half past one, earlier in winter, the bell called all to afternoon service. This, too, had a sermon. In the

* It used to be our boast that *we* got the best in the Seminary.

evening, a third service was held in the schoolhouse. The first in the month was the "Concert of Prayer for Missions"; the second was the Sunday School concert; the third, the Anti-slavery concert; the fourth was a prayermeeting.

Fifty years ago there was no organ in the church, but the voices of the choir were led by two flutes, two violins, a violincello, and a base viol.

In those days, sixty or seventy years ago, the common between the church and the schoolhouse was "the training field". Here, on "muster days", the militia used to parade. Military titles were then thicker in the parish than they have been even since the Civil War, when so many of our boys enlisted.

April 30, 1830, the good Deacon Holt was called to his Heavenly Home. In his funeral sermon, the pastor, detailing Deacon Holt's efforts in providing this church, says, "Had he withheld his aid and refused the heavy burden of responsibility, probably this church would never have worshipped God in the present sanctuary. If they had existed at all as a separate parish, it would have been under circumstances far different and less prosperous." "A distinguishing trait of his character was his *uprightness*. His religion was quiet and unobtrusive, but it was uniform." His last illness was long and painful, but his enjoyment of God and truth was glorious. His son, Solomon, who succeeded him in the deaconate, was a man of like spirit.

A year later, July 5, 1881, died another of the earliest friends and supporters of the West Church, Joseph Faulkner, a descendant from one of the earliest settlers of the town, and born in a house still standing in Frye Village. In his last days his mental powers were darkened, and in darkness his soul passed to everlasting day. We recall the history of his family as the saddest in the parish annals. Yet, who can forget Lydia, the faithful Sunday School teacher, or Mary, the beautiful, saintly

woman, leader of the infant class, and of the Juvenile Missionary Society. It was through Mr. Faulkner's influence that the Smiths, John and Peter, became residents of Andover, men identified with our business prosperity and other educational and religious institutions.

April 17, 1832, that the religious life of the church might be reviewed, it was voted to hold a "four days' meeting", and that it begin June 19. Dr. Lyman Beecher and other distinguished preachers assisted in this "protracted meeting". As a result many were brought into the church, but the pastor's health broke down under the extra demands; hence, October 5, 1832, it was "voted to allow the pastor absence for the winter." At this meeting the number of deacons was increased to four, Deacon Abbott having resigned. Mr. Peter Smith was chosen in his place, and Mr. Jacob Dascomb was the added deacon.

Sent by his physicians to the South, Mr. Jackson arrived there just as South Carolina was making her first effort to secede from the Union.

Both the Third Presbyterian Church in Charleston and the Seminary Church in Columbia urgently called him to become their pastor, but in May, 1833, he returned to these, his best beloved people.

Mr. Asa D. Smith, then a student in the Seminary, afterwards president of Dartmouth College, had done much pastoral work in the parish during Mr. Jackson's absence. As an expression of the joy of the church at their pastor's return, Mr. Smith composed a hymn, which was sung, the congregation rising to greet Mr. Jackson as he walked up the aisle on the first Sunday after he came home. The opening lines were:—

"Shepherd of the living God,
Welcome to thy flock again."

In 1835, the Charleston church renewed its call with importunate entreaty for its acceptance. Various reasons inclined him to accept it, chiefly that he had still much

bronchial trouble which the southern climate relieved. And he went south, leaving home May 11, 1835, expecting to enter a pastorate there.

But slavery became even more repellant upon a second view. June 30, he writes in his diary a full account of a sale of slaves just witnessed, and thus states the effect upon him: "My feelings of pity, indignation, and horror were indescribable. I wished I could put my feelings into every bosom there. . . And I thought, can I live where such things are done — live in the midst of such abomination — see church members of my own church attending the sale, and not be permitted to say a word or lift a finger to remove the horrid sin!"

So, early in July, he made farewell calls upon the Charleston people, and came back, to remain with this parish till, with nervous system shattered by prolonged and exhausting church troubles, he was forced to resign in 1849.

Mr. Jackson's anti-slavery sentiments have been dwelt upon because the statement has been repeatedly and publicly made that sixty years ago all the ministers in Andover and all the professors in the Seminary were "pro-slavery".

The first serious commotion in the church and parish arose from temperance reform. Dr. Justin Edwards had resigned his pastorate to devote himself to this work.

At the annual Thanksgiving, 1839, Mr. Jackson, following his custom of discoursing on Fast and Thanksgiving days upon themes of public interest, vindicated the license law passed by the Legislature at its last session. Upholding the need of such a law, he states that there were then in the parish thirty intemperate persons — not moderate drinkers, but well known as hopeless drunkards, or one in twenty-seven of the entire population; in the town, one hundred and eighty; in the state, twenty-six thousand. And this was when we had no foreign born population, except the God-fearing Scotch.

The sermon was not acceptable to all, but eleven leading parishioners requested its publication. Among these eleven names are those of John and Peter Smith, Geo. Boutwell, the deacons, and Wm. Hilton, the Frye Village storekeeper.

Later, the children were enrolled in a Cold Water Army, with banners and badges, white for the boys and blue for the girls. A notable picnic was held one 4th of July, in Den Rock woods, with songs and recitations by the children and speeches by their elders.

The church passed a resolution requiring those uniting with the church to "abstain from ardent spirits, except as used as medicine, and from all traffic in the same."

In 1838, there was much religious interest, and large attendance at inquiry meetings, and this continued through 1839-40, when fifty-one were added to the church.

In 1841, Ebenezer Lovejoy, the last of the original deacons, was gathered to his fathers, at the extreme age of ninety-eight years. He left one hundred and forty-four living descendants, of whom seventy-three were of the fourth generation and fourteen of the fifth. He was a lover of his Bible and of devotional and spiritual books, yet a man of original, independent thought, deeply interested in church and parish welfare.

In 1842, March 14, died Moses Bailey, also aged ninety-eight. He left one hundred and forty living descendants, seven children, forty-eight grandchildren, seventy-three great-grandchildren, and twelve of the next generation. In the following month died Samuel Flint, aged ninety, his wife, aged eighty-five, having died eight days previous. The next year, two sisters died, Mrs. Ames, aged ninety-four, and Mrs. Chloe Poor, aged ninety-one.

The number of persons in this parish who lived ninety and more years is quite remarkable.

In 1843, the younger members of the parish, dissatisfied with the interior of the meeting-house, essayed its reno-

vation. There had been no carpet on the floor, no cushions, but home-made ones, on the seats. The house had been heated by two large cast-iron stoves in the rear, with stove pipes running over the two aisles, nearly the length of the house, about the height of the galleries, then ascending up through the ceiling. As the floors were cold, our foremothers used to bring their footstoves, small, square tin boxes, with a door on one side, and an iron receptacle for hot coals inside. These boxes had light wooden frames and handles. By noon the supply of hot coals needed restoring. The pulpit required many steps for ascent. It was of pine, painted a light color, and of circular shape, covered by a cushion adorned with deep fringe. At the top of the stairs were doors. The pews also had doors.

Now new heating methods were introduced, a handsome mahogany pulpit replaced that of pine. New seats were provided, both for the pulpit and the platform below, and a new communion table. The singers' gallery was remodelled, a new carpet was laid, in bright, attractive colors, though one good lady said there was "too much yaller" in it.

The chairman of the committee for improvement was Deacon Peter Smith, who, to his enthusiasm, added sound judgment and good taste.

When the congregation returned to the renovated house, a dedicatory service was held, by which it was consecrated anew "to the worship and service of God, to knowledge, virtue, to human happiness, to the work of man's salvation, to our country's good, and to the world's conversion."

November 7, 1843, a parish festival was held at the pastor's house, when numerous gifts were left by the guests for the minister and his family. It was not a "surprise party", for the good ladies had turned the house upside down in preparation, and had provided a bounteous collation. The young men, not feeling their parish pride inflated by their minister's old chaise, had

provided a sum for the purchase of a new vehicle. A few years before, when his horse died, they had given him a new horse.

A program was printed, whereupon appears a hymn of welcome composed by Mrs. Jackson, another hymn, in response to the pastor's welcome, by Miss Mary P. Faulkner, and a third, the parting hymn by Mrs. Zebadiah Abbott.

But now we come, in the history of the West Church, to its most painful chapter, recording as it does, the secession of some of its most valued members. Perhaps sufficient time has not even elapsed for the story to be told dispassionately, with fairness to both sides in the contention. Heretofore but one side has been presented to the public. The conservative side still waits for justice—waits to be relieved of underserved censure cast upon it when minds were unbalanced by intense excitement and unable to see that those who differed from them were conscientious as themselves.

Prefatory to the history of the alienation of the seceding brethren, it should be stated that the church had annually appointed a *committee of discipline*. On the records a number of cases are entered, the charges specified, the efforts of the committee to bring the offenders to sentence are detailed, these efforts being supplemented by pastoral pleadings with the offenders, and the results noted. These results were sometimes penitence and public confessions, sometimes excommunication, or, in less severe cases, withdrawal of fellowship. The sins for which discipline was applied were in two or three cases, drunkenness; in two or three others, disobedience to the seventh Commandment, but in far more cases it was for neglect of public worship and of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper.

In 1845 four persons were brought before the church for the latter offense. The usual action was taken in the usual way. In each case it was found that the ex-

cuse for their offense was that the church did not pass a vote refusing to slaveholders admission to the communion table, and the accused believed it a sin to sit down with any church where slaveholders might be admitted. But the large majority of the church conscientiously believed such a vote unnecessary and uncharitable. Hence they pursued the usual course withdrawing fellowship from the offenders.

The church meetings in which these cases were discussed were stormy, for the abolition excitement was at a white heat, and who of us in times of public excitement are quick to discern where righteous indignation passes over the limit into unrighteous passion?

The majority having unanimously passed resolutions condemning slavery, the slave trade and apologists for slavery, felt that they had exhausted all means of conciliation at their command. The minority called them cowards and time servers. And then, as when Paul and Barnabas quarrelled over Mark because he seemed to one of them an unworthy brother, "the contention became so sharp between them that they parted asunder one from the other".

April 9, 1846, an application was received from sixteen members requesting dismission that they might be organized into a new church. It was voted "that they are hereby dismissed for this purpose and recommended to the Christian fellowship of those who may unite with them, and when constituted members of a separate church, their particular connection with us will cease".

Sincere, devout men were many of these seceders, following what they believed their path of duty. Of Mr. James B. Lovejoy it was said that he spent whole days in prayer for the enslaved. A man of prayer was Mr. John Smith also, who was the head and heart of the new church. Who that ever witnessed it, will ever forget the example he set us of filial devotion every Sunday for years. Another trait of his, as rare as it is beautiful, was

the childlike humility and frankness with which he would make confession when he had been "overtaken in a fault".

Years later, when Mr. Smith made his gift to the trustees of the Seminary for a library building, a trustee meeting was held at his house to consider certain business settlements, Mr. Jackson was one of the trustees present, and during the evening Mr. Smith took him aside and said to him, "I wish you to know that all I have given to the Institution, I have given out of regard to yourself".

In sympathy with Mr. John Smith leaving this church were his brother, James, and his partner, Mr. Dove. Deacon Peter Smith remained, to the end of his long and useful life. For years he was Superintendent of the Sabbath School and always faithful to all church obligations and responsibilities.

During Mr. Jackson's ministry 209 were added to the church on profession of their faith.

In those days ministers' services were gladly obtained for the care of the public schools. There were then the town committee and the district or prudential committees. Mr. Jackson as a member, often the chairman of the town committee, took great interest in the schools, visiting them often and forming a definite knowledge of all the children, everyone of whom he could call by name without hesitation. Boys of intellectual gifts he noted, and persuaded their parents to give them a liberal education. For one lad, whose parents were very poor, he obtained the means by which he was enabled to complete a collegiate course.

During Mr. Jackson's ministry, three young men in the parish, Wilson Ingalls, Edward F. Abbott and George Mooar, became preachers of Christ. Also J. Warren Faulkner studied for the ministry but his health failed.

June 3, 1849, Mr. Jackson, at the close of the afternoon service, read the resignation of his pastorate, made imper-

ative by the state of his health. It came as a surprise to his people, accustomed to his feebleness. When he had read it he gave out the familiar hymn—

“ Bless be the tie that binds—”

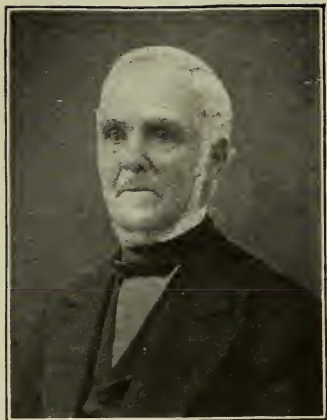
but the choir well nigh broke down under the pressure of intense feeling. A single voice would carry a line, then falter, while another gaining composure would take up the strain, then, while a closing prayer was offered, sobs of unfeigned grief were heard throughout the church.

His nominal connection with the church was not dissolved until September 25, 1850, that the church might not lose its share of the fund. He died July 26, 1878, and was laid beside Dr. Justin Edwards, his predecessor.

In July, 1847, there died aged 90 years, Joseph Shattuck, another of the original members of this church, who was a revolutionary veteran, had seen Washington and served in the armies which Washington led. “ Having escaped the corrupting influence of war, careful, cautious, prudent and industrious, quiet and retiring, he was respectful of the ordinances of religion and faithful to his Christian profession ”.

Two years before we had lost an aged man, an original member, Jonathan Gleason. It has been told of him that owing to unfavorable conditions in early life, he learned to read only at the age of twenty, yet he had acquired what universities do not always confer, the power to *think* profoundly. Often was he heard to refer to such works as Edwards' History of Redemption. In his long decline and when death drew near, he loved to say, “ his hope, his only hope was in Christ ”.

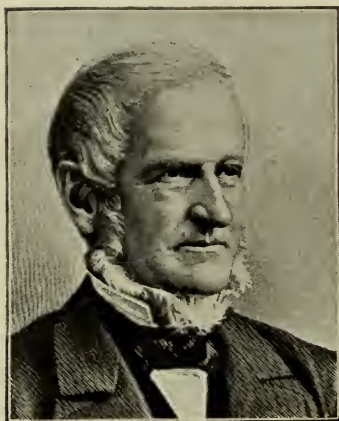
Our townsman, Mr. Joseph Smith, relates this incident of Mr. Gleason: “ He once lived on the west side of Haggett's Pond. One Sunday in winter after there had been a heavy rain and thaw, sudden freezing had left the roads in such a very icy and smooth condition, so much so that it was impossible for a horse, if smooth shod, to



DEACON SOLOMON HOLT



DEACON JACOB DASCOMB



DEACON PETER SMITH



DEACON NATHAN MOORAR

travel. Mr. Gleason was a close attendant at church, rain or shine, and was not to be thwarted by the conditions of the roads, so he started on foot, giving himself ample time, and with the aid of a long handled pitchfork, he succeeded in reaching the meeting-house. Resuming his pitchfork which he had left at Mr. Phelps' during service, he travelled home in the same way".

May we not also speak of one of his daughters, so dear to Mr. Jackson's family to the last, so eminently useful in Sunday School and in the Ladies' Societies. Possessing a native force and nobility of character, a readiness to assimilate all culture, intellectual and social, she was worthy to become the wife of our wealthiest townsman.

And there was Mary P. Faulkner, fair beyond others, enjoying superior educational privileges at eighteen, she seemed a worthy candidate for earth's highest prizes. But the hereditary cloud enveloped her, and one who had loved and hoped to win her affections, departed almost broken-hearted and alone for his mission in Africa.

While Mr. Jackson was at the South in 1833, he received from this man a most pathetic letter, and a week later was astounded by the intelligence of his sudden death in Baltimore on the day fixed for his sailing.

To many of the elder women here, the names of Mary Faulkner and the Juvenile Missionary Society are inseparable. For years its secretary, then its president, it became the one absorbing interest of her life. Superintendent for many years of the Infant Sunday School, what one life in the West parish can be cited quite equal to hers in the potency and permanence of influence? How bravely she gave to us the fragments of what might have been a brilliant life? Oh! why should a "cornerstone polished after the similitude of a palace" be defaced and broken, ere it has served its end? God only knows! One of her associates in the Society and the Sunday School was Mary A. Frye, who left us to become a missionary among the Cherokees.

Miss Sarah L. Holt was the creator of the Juvenile Society, which was at first her Sunday School class gathered on Saturday afternoons to hear about missions and to do something to aid them.

How we love to think of them all and of those who were later called to the heavenly home. How in the sleepless night hours we love to rove in spirit over the old church of our childhood, thinking where each one sat, and of the parish comedies and tragedies.

October 29, 1849, a call was extended by church and parish to Mr. Jason Morse, which he declined, having accepted a call to Brimfield.

June 7, 1850, Mr. Charles H. Pierce was invited to settle with this church in the Gospel Ministry. July 3, Mr. Pierce sent a favorable answer.

October 9, 1830, the Council convened for the ordination of Mr. Pierce. Four churches were represented on this council, and Dr. Justin Edwards, Mr. Jackson and William B. Brown of the Free Church, were also present. Mr. Jackson giving the charge to his former flock.

The chief events of this pastorate were the appointment of Nathan Mooar as deacon in the place of Eben Lovejoy, resigned, the ordination of Obed Dickinson, under appointment, as a Home Missionary to Oregon. Mr. Dickinson was a Theological student who had made his home with Mrs. Faulkner during his seminary course, and had taught in our Sunday School.

During the winter of 1850-51, there was much interest, especially among the young people, in personal religion. Extra meetings were held, and a number added to the church.

March 11, 1855, Mr. Pierce felt that he must offer his resignation. A council was called April 11, 1855, and he was dismissed and recommended to the churches as a faithful minister of Christ.

Mrs. Jackson used to say, the women of the West Parish had more public spirit than could be found in any

other part of this town. One manifestation of this efficiency they gave when they determined that the parish needed a vestry. The schoolhouse had been the only resort for meetings of all sorts, but the schoolhouse was the property of the school district. The ladies met for consultation at Deacon Smith's, and later at Mr. Joseph Chandler's. To entice the brethren to contribute their share, a festival was held in the vacant parsonage, with all the appointments customary at such occasions. Many of you may still have copies of the *Vestry Advocate*, printed for the occasion. It is needless to say that the funds were raised and the vestry built.

An Historical Address

On the Occasion of the 250th Anniversary of the
Town of Andover

By Rev. WILLIAM C. MERRILL

THOSE noble men and women who laid the foundations of this town, by smooth Cochichewick and by the meandering Shawsheen, then Roger's Brook, had in them such stuff as heroes and heroines are made of, and they proved their right to be and to be heard through many a crucial hour in those stern days. They had problems to face, and they met them unflinchingly, and with such light as their day afforded. They counted it no hardship that isolation was their lot; that they were far removed from such few comrades about Boston as had been spared to them; and though the hungry wolf gnawed at their portals, while I doubt not, even in their more prosperous days, hunger gnawed at their vitals, they were, withal, a cheerful folk, and gave God grateful thanks for all His mercies.

Near the old North Burying Ground, they laid firm and strong foundations, and on them erected a house of worship to their God. A church was formally organized, October 24, 1645, and Mr. John Woodbridge was ordained its minister; "the first minister," we read, "that was ordained in this country, and the second in New England." He died in 1695, at the age of 82, and it is written of him that "He was a person of truly Excellent Spirit; a pious disposition; spending much of his time in Holy Meditation, by which the Foretastes of Heaven were Continually feeding his Devout Soul, and he abounded in all other Devotions of Serious, Heavenly, Experimental Chris-

tianity." Surely, if this be a trustworthy record, the early ministry of Andover was begun in righteousness. It was with great difficulty that the early settlers in New England, — this little country, — found for themselves sufficient room. They would not be crowded. They spread over Andover, rapidly, and soon the south part demanded separation from the north. This done, they erected their meeting-house "at ye rock on the west side of Roger's Brook," near the site of the present building, and unanimously voted "that Mr. Samuel Phillips shall be our pastor." Their first service was on October 18, 1709.

When the West Church was set off it comprised one hundred and fifty-eight families. Before their formal recognition as a church, they had erected a house of stone, which was dedicated soon after their recognition on the 26th of December, 1826. What son or daughter of West Parish has not been proud of this handsome country church of solid stone, whose walls will stand, we trust, for centuries to come. It is the oldest house, now used as a place of worship, within the precincts of old Andover. How many noble men and women have here bent low the head in prayer and sung God's praises in glad and grateful recognition of Him who holds the years in their eternal flow and sends in their due season seed-time and harvest! How many tender infants have here been dedicated to a covenant-keeping God, who declared of old "the promise is unto you and to your children!" How many sons and daughters of Christian parents have honored that consecration and have stood, in later years, before this altar and vowed allegiance to the Prince of Peace! How many many precious and fragrant memories cluster within these walls, where men blessed of God have made full proof of their ministry and have passed on to bless other fields and brighten other lives; or have ceased from the sowing and the reaping, to be themselves gathered into the heavenly garner!

This has always been an active church. It could not well be otherwise, gathered out of a community such as I have described. For much of the best blood of old Andover passed on to the south and then on and over to this side of Roger's Brook. There was energy in the community, and iron in the blood of that people, who would rise up and build a house of worship, such as this, before ever they could get themselves set free from the other church, to make use of it when it should be finished. Surely, very determined men struck hoe and spade into this West Parish soil; and when the General Court, at last, cut the cord that bound them to the parent church, they lost no time in witnessing to their spiritual virility. On January 8, 1828, "The West Parish Ladies' Association was organized. June 7, 1837, the Ladies' Association merged itself into the Seaman's Friend Society, an auxiliary of that noble organization which has done so much for 'them that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in the great waters'."

The first pastor was ordained June 6, 1827, and the Sabbath following a Sunday School was organized, which has had a very interesting and an unbroken history to the present time. Not often is a country Sunday School favored with such leaders and teachers as those men whose patient service blessed this school for so many years. Its first superintendent was Artemas Bullard. Following him is a long array of faithful workers. Prominent among the young men from the Andover Theological Seminary, who dropped seed into this fertile soil, are Dr. Atkinson; the two Blisses, James Means, Francis V. Tenney, Nathaniel Beach, Wayne Gridley, and O. Dickinson, who gathered the first church of Salem, Oregon. Many others rendered worthy service here, I doubt not, whose names I have not been able to discover.

From the beginning, this has been a missionary church, and it has responded right nobly to appeals for help in the Lord's work, both at home and abroad. In 1830,

when the church was hardly four years old, Miss Sarah L. Holt gathered the young of the congregation about her and organized "The West Parish Juvenile Missionary Society". The early object of its efforts was the education of Indian children. Miss Holt was assisted in the work by Miss Elizabeth Jackson, the pastor's sister, and especially aided she was by that whole-hearted and zealous lover of missions, Joseph W. Barr, then a student in the Seminary, preparing for work upon missionary ground. His counsel was invaluable, his labors untiring, and to make the annual sales and exhibitions a success he exercised all his ingenuity. He was about to set sail for his life work when God called him on a longer journey and he went home. But I am informed that for many years Mary P. Faulkner "was the very soul and life of this little society, and it is doubtless due to her, in large measure, that it survived the usual fate of such endeavors and continues on to the present day." A somewhat similar society was organized in the South Church, previous to the existence of this, which had an intermittent life; but, so far as I have been able to discover, no young people's missionary society in the land has so long continued a history as has this. It is not the least of the honors due to our West Parish Church that this is true. And into this unselfish work Miss Faulkner poured all the ardor and energy of her young soul. My memory reaches back, in some misty fashion, to that time. I see her calm, sweet face dimly, through the years, as she leaned over the high back of a square box-pew in the north gallery, to the left of the high pulpit, and taught to the "Infant Class" the story of Jesus and his love. I have never quite forgotten the light in the eyes and the smile upon the lips; lips, which, it seems to me now, were, even then, a little drawn in the conflict with inner pain. Alas for her, daughter of sorrows! too soon heredity, if this it was, laid a heavy hand upon her; the bright keen intellect was suddenly wrapped around with

whirlwind and with storm. But she was "Mary", and she had chosen that good part which could never be taken from her. She sleeps in the quiet little graveyard yonder. After life's fitful fever, she sleeps well. Wandering in yon little village of the dead, a couple of years ago, I came upon her grave. Beneath her name was the motto of her young life; the guide of her unclouded mind: "Thy word is a lamp to my feet and a light to my path". I felt like kneeling to one who had in early life, full lovingly, held that lamp before so many little feet and lighted the path of our young lives. She has, at last, her reward, and reads today the Living Word.

This Juvenile Society, in which Miss Faulkner and others labored so faithfully, was a great educator in those early years of missionary effort. Dr. George Moor writes me from Oakland: "It did great things for us boys and girls. It not only enabled us to send out no small sum, through the years to other parts; but it stimulated in us broad views of life and of Christian work, and kept ever warm in our hearts the love for Foreign Missions. It reached farther than the hearts and hands of the girls, so that one year the boys were inspired to add to the fruit from the girls' patchwork, the product of a potato patch." Did all this bear fruit in something more than love and gold? Perhaps so, for in the wife of Mr. Willey, missionary to the Cherokees, and the partner of Mr. Bardwell on "India's coral strand", I find the names of two West Parish girls, Mary A. Fry and Rachel Furbush. I think that there were others who gave themselves to the Lord in missionary work, whose names have not found record. A little spring was that, opened here some sixty-six years ago; yet have its streams of influence reached out to water two continents at least, and the end is not by and by.

But there was interest and activity not among women and girls alone, but among the men as well. It required the votes of men to place upon the minutes of the church



MISS MARY FAULKNER



MISS SUSANNA JACKSON



REV. JAMES G. MERRILL



REV. WM. C. MERRILL

this resolution: July 5, 1833, *Voted*: That no person shall, hereafter, be admitted to the church, who will not agree to abstain from the use of ardent spirits, except as a medicine, and from all traffic in the same." And this was no idle sentiment of the hour; since I find, in the minutes of church meetings, that more than one person was excommunicated for the violation of this pledge. Not every New England church, in the face of frequent barn-raising and husking-bees, was ready to go thus on record.

And in these church records I find a note with a yet clearer ring in it than this, inasmuch as the passions that were, later, to be inflamed were to have far-reaching consequences; indeed, were to shake our fair republic to its foundations. On December 31, 1840, this church placed itself on record in pronounced opposition and uncompromising hostility to human slavery, by a preamble and resolutions of the most spirited nature. The third and fourth resolutions are as follows:—

"3. *Resolved*: That while we are constrained to 'receive one another as Christ has received us', and must, therefore, receive and fellowship all members of Christian churches who bear the image of Christ and bring forth the fruits of the Spirit, we, nevertheless, can have no fellowship with this unfruitful work of darkness; but must rather reprove it and rebuke those who encourage it and persist in it.

"4. *Resolved*: That we view with surprise and regret the painful fact, that, in this day of light, some professed ministers and followers of Christ justify involuntary servitude, as a permanent institution of society and a scriptural institution, which we regard as obviously contrary to the principles of natural justice and the fruit of the Gospel, and which is condemned by the opinion and example of nearly the whole civilized world."

These are brave words, and bravely but charitably uttered. "Judge not that ye be not judged" was the

emphatic utterance and unqualified command of their Lord and Master, and these men recognized him as Lord and Master. With the divided sentiment of that day, it seemed to them that it would be usurping an unwarrantable prerogative for them to pronounce such judgment as to disfellowship defenders of the "peculiar institution" as some demanded; but they had the unquestionable right to state their conviction as to this "sum of all villanies", and they did not hesitate to place that conviction upon record.

But there were those who were willing to take judgment into their own hands; who felt that they could not sit at the table of our Lord with men who held opposite views on such a matter. The Free Church was the outcome.

Up to that day, this church had enjoyed, practically, an unbroken record. For, in reality, it dates back to its original in North Andover. The South Church was merely a division of the North for territorial convenience, and the West is just the South Church divided by Roger's Brook. In a certain sense, I am simply giving you, today, a hasty sketch of the last seventy years of our joint history since 1645.

And in the light of the history I have just repeated, it seems to me that kindly reference should be made to certain words that, a few days ago, were uttered which may be recorded and which touch this church as well as others. For, if my information is correct, the Free Church never was "disfellowshipped" by any. By implication, the come-outers disfellowshipped the other churches, or the Free Church never would have been. And in the face of these resolutions which I have read, the greater courage and, I make bold to say, the nobler patriotism was exhibited by those who spoke out,^r and placed on record, words clear and strong, touching that vital issue, yet stood loyally by the church they loved, and, while protesting against all compromise with evil,

fired the hearts of young and old with enthusiasm for God and Liberty. And I think that these brave men who stood by this church in that trying time were doubly brave and true in that they were determined to purify the church and not destroy it. William Lloyd Garrison and his radical constituency of that day are worthy of all the honor that has been accorded them. But, for the major part, I think that it was the young men bred in the very churches these radicals denounced, who fell at Bull Run and Spottsylvania and Gettysburg and a hundred fields, where, in a baptism of blood, this nation atoned for the black man's wail and tears.

You do not forget those days, those awful days. I was but a lad not yet in my teens, and I do not forget them. Here, in the home of my childhood, surely you will permit me to let a bit of personal history recall to you the scene that was enacted in so many a West Parish home in those cruel days. I remember when the sun was darkened and all the light of day went out. It was just at set of sun, when a neighbor stopped at the door with a message in his hand and these words upon his lips, "From your brother's colonel". And every one was afraid to read the message. From it, I recall these words alone: "He was a brave soldier, and we bury him tomorrow with military honors." Then, for the first time in my life, I heard a strong man weep and sob aloud in the bitterness of grief. Then, in a few moments, the door opened and the bluff, plain-spoken neighbor entered. How the atmosphere of sorrow tones down the high-pitched voice and softens the rugged features! I had never heard Captain Chandler speak, until then, when it did not seem that he could be heard from a quarter to half a mile. That evening his voice was tender as that of a mother crooning to her babe, and the great tears rolled over his cheeks from eyes unused to weeping.

And then, too, how rapidly ill news travelled in those days, and by what a subtle instinct in some one it went

straight to the minister's home ! In a time so brief, that it seemed to me incredible, the slender form of the good pastor glided quietly and calmly into the room. I remember that he told us that we did no wrong to weep, "for," said he, "did not Jesus himself weep at the tomb of Lazarus?" Who of you who knew our beloved pastor fail to catch the very sound of his voice in the utterance of those beloved words? How well he knew the secret passages to the troubled soul! Alas! that was not the first time that he had entered a West Parish home smitten by the death of a first born slain to expiate a nation's sin. They were sad, sad days, when people wore their heart upon their sleeve and the tears were very near the surface. Then spoke out New England manhood. And West Parish spoke with no uncertain sound. There are forty wreaths in yonder graveyard, and each wreath marks a hero's resting-place. And a goodly number, thank God, who went through the same fiery furnace, are with us still, to tell the children of today how nations must be born ; — and, sometimes, born again.

The first pastor of this church was Samuel C. Jackson. He was ordained June 6, 1827. No better man, doubtless, could have been called to take in charge the western half of Justin Edwards' flock. Behind him on his father's side, was the religious stamina and theological granite of Jno. Edwards and Nathaniel Emmons. His mother was a lineal descendant of John Rogers through only seven generations, and they who knew her affirmed that, had she lived in his day, she would have walked into the fires of Smithfield as dauntlessly as did he. We can inherit neither intellect nor character, but one can hardly move from infancy to manhood in the presence of a stalwart intellect and superb character and not take on something of mental and moral greatness.

He went to college in a suit of clothes, so his daughter says, which was "the fruit of his mother's own distaff, spindle and loom". He fitted himself for the law and in

him the bar lost a brilliant light. His wife used to say: "The Lord made him for a statesman but his mother prayed him into the ministry". His first sermon in this pulpit was from the text: "Preach the Word". His second was upon the correlative text: "Take heed how ye hear". It was a fair warning that he proposed to be responsible for himself alone. For twenty-three years he preached the Word and the church records show that they heard as for their lives. He unfolded to them "the unsearchable riches of Christ", and his ministry was rich and fruitful. He came to his people with a mind singularly well endowed. He had the inspiration of intellect in both father and mother. Each bestowed upon him, early, a lavish training both on the intellectual and moral side. He had the advantage of a thorough collegiate education, supplemented by a complete study of the law and a theological course. He might have aspired to a higher place in some city field. The deep humility of the man appears in his acceptance of the call to the pastorate which I find in the records of the church. "I have always felt," he says, "that since I am not my own, I am not at liberty to choose great *worldly* possessions, at the expense of the Gospel which I am commissioned to preach". And then he adds: "How far I have been influenced by such feelings, in forming my decision, must be left for the Great Searcher of hearts to decide". When we consider that those "*worldly* possessions" consisted of a salary of six hundred dollars, paid semi-annually, we understand something of his lowly self-regard. And he gave himself unselfishly, unstintedly to his people. He was a lawyer, farmer, doctor and minister to them, each in turn. His people came frankly to him with their differences before those differences had passed the arbitration stage. He argued and adjudged their cases and they accepted, loyally, his verdict. He understood his people and they knew it. He loved them and they loved him and trusted him. He was among them as one that

served. He was trusted in the home, in the field, in the study and in the pulpit. And when on Fast and Thanksgiving days, he treated the high themes of national life and character, he drew great congregations to listen and he chained the attention of every hearer. No town meeting was complete without him, and no decision was final until by his calm, clear, logical presentation of the case and a judicial statement of conclusions, the men who knew and trusted him were ready to give their verdict.

His was a familiar face in all our school-rooms and his words to the pupils were as "apples of gold in pictures of silver". He was one of the most influential forces in the establishment of Abbot Academy and Prof. Park well calls him "a father of it", as he was for fifty years an earnest and faithful trustee thereof. Of the Theological Seminary and of Phillips Academy he was a trustee for thirty years. But no drawings from without ever caused him to relax for a moment his hold upon the minds of his people from this pulpit or his sway over their hearts in their homes. Showers of blessing God poured out, repeatedly, upon him and his church and in his ministry of three and twenty years he welcomed into fellowship three hundred and twenty-four members; two hundred and nine of them upon profession of their faith in Jesus Christ.

He was dismissed by a council, because of failing health, September 25, 1850. The council found that he had "signally commended himself as both a preacher and a pastor of distinguished ability, of devoted faithfulness, of rare prudence, and of most exemplary Christian zeal". In his own letter of resignation he bore witness to his appreciation of the West Parish people in these touching and tender words: "To you I have given the best of my life, the dew of my youth and the experience of mature age. Few pastors have been more contented and happy than I have been for twenty-two years among this people. No families will ever be to me like your families, no children like your children, no labors like my past labors, and no home like my present home".

His public life, subsequent to his pastorate, is familiar to many of you who survive him. After a protracted illness during his pastorate, on his return, a hymn of welcome was sung in his honor. As he appeared at the door the choir struck up the song, the whole congregation rose to their feet and as he appeared up the aisle, he was greeted with the joyful poem :

" Shepherd of the living God
Welcome to thy flock again ".

On July 26, 1878, he was called away by the Great Shepherd to sing a song of Moses and the Lamb.

On July 3, 1850, Mr. Charles H. Pierce, just closing his studies in the Seminary, was called to succeed this man of God. A more mature mind than his might well have shrunk from the undertaking. The perfect harmony of the people, however, was half the battle for any man. He decided to accept the call and was ordained by council April 11, 1855. His letter of acceptance was not lacking in the witness of a prayerful spirit and reliance upon God and there was, in one sentence of it that which savoured of his predecessor's discourses ; in the hint that it takes two to make a bargain as well as to preach a sermon. He affirms that he is encouraged to undertake the work because of " the character you sustain as a peaceable and united people ". It is not always that a candidate has the courage to affirm that he is not the only one on trial. He was a good preacher, a genial-spirited man beloved by the young people and highly esteemed in his pastoral relationship throughout the parish. During his ministry the vestry was erected to the supplying of a long-felt need.

I was a trifle more than three years of age when he came one day to the house and gave me a bag of marbles with the remark to my mother that she must make a minister of me ; one of those too-early dedications which have drawn lines of care upon many a mother's face ;

which have drawn upon the patience of more than many a congregation.

There was a somewhat marked revival near the close of this pastorate, some of the fruits of which his successor gratefully admitted to have gathered. He was dismissed by council April 11, 1855. The council agreed in finding that he had proved "an earnest, persuasive, evangelical and spiritual preacher; a winning and assiduous pastor".

Rev. James H. Merrill of Montague, was installed April 30, 1856, as the third pastor. He was the first pastor of whom I have a clear and satisfactory recollection. It was under his gentle, loving, faithful tutelage that I gave myself to God and my life to God's ministry. He was essentially a pastor to the young. There was love in his eyes and winning tenderness in every feature. I think that I never saw such expressive mildness in masculine face. It was the cultured expression of a soul perfectly self-poised, persuaded of an inherent goodness in men and the certain power of God to bring His will to pass. So he never undertook impossibilities and therefore did not multiply failures. His preaching was the sincere milk of the Word and was, very largely, expository. His intellectual ability was good, his powers well balanced and remarkably well proportioned. His sermons were force upon which his people lived in their spiritual reaches and his perfect winsomeness drew to him with most heart-felt appreciation the young people of his flock. The prayer-meetings, a power throughout Dr. Jackson's long ministry, were exceedingly helpful and useful during this second long pastorate. He was seeking not merely to save souls for heaven, he was training Christian men and women to be a blessing in the world in which God had placed them. He was an apt teacher and a faithful monitor.

During that long, dark night of the civil war, he was an angel of light in many a home. There was hope in the



DEACON E. FRANCIS HOLT



REV. FREDERICK W. GREENE



REV. ROBERT A. MACFADDEN



REV. G. ARTHUR ANDREWS

very tone of his voice and his prayers were the calm appeals to God of a soul who was no stranger to Him whose very name is Love. He was rejoiced in the reception of a hundred and seventy-seven souls into the church besides the many who came by letter. He was deeply interested in all projects for higher education and was for twenty-three years a faithful trustee of the Punchard Free School, giving himself freely and unselfishly to every detail of that service. It would be impossible to record the impress made upon his people by his potent ministry. It was so quiet, so even in its tenor, so unremitting in its persuasiveness, that character was moulded and high motives formed almost unconsciously. His life was a sun, quickening in its warmth, exalting in its simple piety, full and rich and affluent, and I never knew but one other who impressed me as being, humanly speaking, a perfect man.

He was dismissed November 6, 1879. His family was blessed with the blessedness of his companionship for eight years longer and then, on October 28, 1887, he entered the eternal sunshine of God's presence.

On April 29, 1880, Rev. Austin H. Burr was installed as the fourth pastor. He had a brief ministry of less than four years, which was marked by no prominent events. He was an earnest preacher and a faithful pastor. He was deeply interested in the young, and labored assiduously to organize them for service along lines of work then coming into existence. His plans did not meet with the response required for their efficient execution, but the good seed was sown and the harvest was inevitable. He is still held in loving and kindly remembrance by many people in the parish. He was dismissed and warmly commended by council on January 21, 1885. After a brief leadership in another field he was called from his ministry in the church militant, to become a member of the church triumphant. So He giveth his beloved sleep.

Frederick W. Greene was called to the fifth pastorate, and was installed on September 23, 1885. With him came the Christian Endeavor and the more practical work among the young which was gestating throughout the former pastorate. During a ministry of almost ten years, a large and efficient work was inaugurated. The church was carefully organized upon a working basis, and the cheery and breezy presence of their leader, in all the activities of the congregation, left no opportunity for stagnation. With no display of learning, Mr. Greene was a good and painstaking student. His sermons were well thought out and were eminently practical in their general bearing and personal application. He understood men, and so he spoke to human experience. He was a man well calculated to speak to the inquisitive side of the intellect and set uneasy minds at rest. The tired soul also coming to his ministry found rest, and this church is richer in every way today for the patient, untiring service rendered during that decade of persistent toil. His faithful service was recognized by his brother pastors, and greatly to the regret of his congregation he was discovered by another hungry flock and was called away to larger service in a broader field. He was dismissed by council on January 11, 1895.

On May 15, 1895, Mr. Robert MacFadden was called to become the sixth pastor. He was then and still is a student in the Theological Seminary, and is to be installed upon graduation there. He has supplied the pulpit as acting pastor, since his acceptance of the call, to the great satisfaction of the whole community, and with a very material increase of attendance upon divine worship. Were I to consult him, I am sure he would request me to simply say: "Let not him that putteth on his armor, boast as one that layeth it off."

Before speaking of those deacons of this church who served it so long and faithfully, ere they were called home, I wish to mention two or three men who were

marked characters in the inauguration of this Society. One of them is Joseph Faulkner, who labored untiringly and with astonishing wisdom and perseverance for the founding of this section of the Andover church. I have been advised by excellent authority that, without his zeal, energy, labor, and money, this handsome building of stone, probably, never would have been erected. He was a calm, patient, persistent man, of unswerving integrity and of unwavering trust. Dr. Jackson wrote of him: "Had he withheld his aid and efforts, probably, this people never would have worshipped God in their present sanctuary. If they had existed at all as a separate parish, it would have been under circumstances far different and probably less prosperous."

There are those in this house today who used to see a man of the olden time, with the long, old-fashioned queue hanging down his back, pass along the aisle to the square, high-backed pew of the early days. He was a relic of what was then a historic age. "In his youth he shared in the scenes and sacrifices, the hardship and perils of our Revolution. He had seen the immortal Washington, and served in the armies which that great general led. I refer to Captain Joseph Shattuck, a just man and a faithful Christian, who walked with his fellows ninety years, in peace with all men, and was then gathered to his fathers.

Another man who united with this church by profession, on May 5, 1839, and is well worthy of record here, is William Hilton of Frye Village. He lived a prosperous life and amassed a great fortune. At his death he distributed among his fellowmen a full half million dollars. Of this, fifty thousand dollars were given to Phillips Academy and ten thousand dollars to Abbot Academy.

John Smith and John Dove were connected with the early history of this church. Their great wealth and their generous disposition of no small part of it is known

to all in this town. They went out in the anti-slavery agitation to found the Free Church, which they, in the main, supported for many years. They were faithful co-laborers with the other members of this Society in the early years, and their names are held in grateful remembrance here.

Of the charter members of this church, the three deacons were: Zebadiah Abbott, Capt. Solomon Holt, and Ebenezer Lovejoy. The two first served but a brief term, Deacon Holt being removed by death after a service of two and a half years; Deacon Abbott removing from the parish after a term of six years.

Ebenezer Lovejoy was one of the patriarchs of the parish. Dr. Jackson writes of him: "He was a venerable man; venerable for his age, for his wisdom, for his integrity and firmness, for his example of prolonged usefulness and his regard for good order and religious instruction. And venerable, also, as the living progenitor of more descendants than any who survived him or who went before him in this parish, and probably in Andover. He lived only two years short of a century, and outlived every individual in this large and populous town who was alive at the time of his birth." At the time of his death, the number of living descendants recorded to have sprung from him were one hundred and forty-four. Of these, seventy-three were of the fourth generation, fourteen were of the fifth generation. He was a devout and patient student of the Bible, a man thoroughly informed on all the topics of the day, a great reader and careful observer. He was a Christian who adorned the doctrine of Christ, and was at last gathered to his fathers like a shock of corn fully ripe.

Solomon Holt, Jr., so well known to most of you, served this church as deacon faithfully and well for almost three and fifty years. He was a quiet man, gentle and gentlemanly in all his ways, of strictest integrity in all his dealings with his fellowmen. He was a man who

lived a life of prayer and whose thoughtful, measured, tones are in your ears today, as he led your souls to the throne of grace in yonder vestry and directed your thought to sacred things in words of rich experience and wise and profitable counsel. He had charge of the communion service for very many years. A hard-working man, of much care and responsibility, he was always punctual at the house of God and gave a loyal obedience to every divine command. And so walking in consistent fellowship with men, he went home, at last, full of years and honors.

Deacon Jacob Dascomb was elected October 5, 1832, as a fourth deacon to keep pace with the increasing membership of the church. He was a quiet, unobtrusive man, exceedingly tall and in his younger days of remarkably fine presence; in later life a little bent as his figure remains in my memory. He was of undoubted piety and earnestly sought to exemplify the life and the Gospel of Christ. A mild-mannered man in all his ways, he presided with his associates at the table of the Lord, with a quiet grace and dignity which left upon us all the impression of a reserve force in his character which might be called, upon occasion, into determined action for the right. For a period of forty-two years, he passed the emblems of the broken body and shed blood of Christ to the members of this church and then went home to drink the new wine in his Father's Kingdom.

Deacon Nathan Mooar was elected October 31, 1850. He was a man whom to know was to love and respect. An unassuming man, he was, in all his ways yet firm in his bearing and dignified in all his acts and words. His voice was never wanting in the service of public prayer and although there was a plaintive note in it his words were earnest, warm and fresh from a heart that knew his God and trusted him. He was a self-contained and well-poised man and his life befitted well his office. His life of good works as deacon covered a period of thirty-seven

years when his light went out, for God took him where they need no candle, neither light of the sun.

Deacon Peter Smith received that title as the successor of Zebadiah Abbott, October 2, 1832. I have reserved his name until now for the sake of emphasis and I am sure that no one here will deem it unjust to those who were his contemporaries in office. His services to this church and his record as a public benefactor in our town compels especial recognition from us assembled here to consider the makers of our local history. He came to this country in his youth, yet not until he had formed ties in the father-land, religious and other, that were strong enough to draw him back, again and again, to the scenes of his boyhood days. There, in those early years, he laid the foundation for that painstaking care in business which marked his whole career. There he learned that persistence and fortitude under discouragement which gave fiber to his later youth and manhood and there he gained his instruction in the truth of God which gave firmness and fineness to his Christian character when the divine grace came in and made him in Christ, a new creature. He came here in the flush of his young Christian manhood and flung all the energy of his being into the world's work for God, for his own, for humanity. An adopted son of America he chose this country in all loyalty for his home. Henceforth Scotland was a memory to be cherished, America was a living reality to which he was to commit himself in whole hearted fealty and devotion. And when his country called, he gave gladly, freely, his best and dearest and with hearty gratitude. His two first born sons he gave without a murmur, and his purse was always open to meet any reasonable call. But to the town of his adoption he gave unstintedly, with a generous hand and an open heart. With his two partners, who, in the early days were with him in this church he joined hands in a common service to humanity. They built their own monument in manifold throughout our

town, where most good could be rendered and the best fruit garnered. We can never cease to be thankful for Brechin Hall, for the Soldiers' Memorial Hall and Library, for Abbot Academy and for his own last gift of twenty thousand dollars to Phillips Academy.

And yet the service he rendered to this church outweighs in our hearts, today, all these gifts of great munificence. It was his daily life among you ; his humble walk, his simple piety, his perfect faith, his unfaltering trust, his abiding loyalty to the truth he loved, and his unswerving fidelity in all that pertained to the Gospel of his Lord and Savior. This it was that lent a charm to his life and gives a fragrance to his memory. His God was his mother's God and the old Scottish theology passed through her life into his as iron into the blood. I have in my possession, as a treasured keepsake, the Bible won by a successful examination before him in the Westminster Shorter Catechism. It was the way he took, year by year, to get the Bible and the Bible doctrines into our young minds and the sweetness of them into our hearts. With all the splendid equipment of this church in its separation from the South, it could certainly not have been sustained through these seventy years, without the faithful and generous support of himself and those who have loyally followed in his footsteps.

That may well be said of him which Professor Park once said of his brother : "He is in no small sense a great man who can make a large fortune. He is a greater man, however, who can make a fortune and keep it. But greatest of all is the man who can make a fortune and keep a fortune and give a fortune away." He was deacon in this church lacking two years of half a century and no act of his I am sure was ever known to cast a shadow of reproach upon his sacred office. From the scene of his labors and his trials ; from the field of his struggles and his triumphs ; from the charmed home circle in the midst of dear ones and from surroundings

that his own fine taste had made all-beautiful, he went up to meet his Savior and the loved ones gone before. It may well be the prayer of this church he loved so well, that in the day of final reunion, the desire of his heart may be gratified, and that the large family he gave to earth may be given to him again in heaven an unbroken circle, so to dwell in the joy and the blessedness of the eternal year. I do not forget that this church has sent into the field three ministers, who bear loving testimony to the faithful nature of this Christian home.

Rev. George Mooar, D. D., upon whose head when a lad Dr. Jackson laid his hand in baptism, was for a term of years the faithful and successful pastor of the South church. Upon the organization of the First Congregational Church of Oakland, California, he became its pastor, where he wrought a glorious work for God, until called to the Pacific Theological Seminary where he has filled the chairs of Church History and Systematic Theology for six and twenty years. He is one of the profoundest minds on the Pacific Coast. I look up to him as to a father in the Lord, because of his faithful instruction in the class-room and for the encouraging attention with which he has followed my poor ministry. This West Parish church is preaching the Gospel through him and them who have come under his instruction, to the dwellers in Africa and China, in Mexico and on the mountain frontiers of California and Oregon.

Rev. James G. Merrill, the son of our former pastor, for a goodly term of years was pastor of a church in Davenport, Iowa, filling another important charge in St. Louis with great acceptance until called to Portland, Maine. Like his beloved father, he has had great influence with the young and his sermons to children are possibly, not excelled by any preacher.

Your historian, the third and last of your boys to enter the ministry was for nearly seven years pastor of the First church, the old Pioneer church of Sacramento, California; he was for three years over the First Church.

As we look back this morning across the years we are bound to confess that God has not been in all our thoughts. But he has been in some of them. If I am not surprised at the grand outline of the "father of his country" as I see him standing the first head of this American nation, it is because I have seen him on his knees in the snow at Valley Forge and I know the fineness of the steel that God has tempered.

If I am not surprised when the emancipation proclamation sets free our dusky millions, it is because I know that in the solitude of his chamber, when two valiant armies were locked in deadly struggle, the martyr Lincoln promised God upon his knees that if He would give us victory he would let the enslaved go free. If I do not wonder that a handful of farmers and tradesmen met and overmastered the trained hosts of England, it is because I see in vision the little Mayflower riding at her anchor all that first Sabbath day hard by the welcome shore, while the little Pilgrim band, too true to God to violate his sacred day by landing, sing praises and offer prayer to Him who has brought them safely across the deep. Some of this stern integrity we have dropped out of our nation's life — some evils we are introducing that should fill us with alarm. Let us be wise in time. The rivulet upon the mountain side we may conduct into any valley of our desire; but we shall not dam Niagara as it rushes to its seething plunge nor say to the ocean, thus far only shalt thou come and here shall thy proud waves be stayed. There is much of the old New England past that I would not bring back if I could. But out of that stern discipline; out of that blessed home life came character firm as adamant and integrity true as steel. I am glad that I was born into a New England home. I am glad that it was a West Parish home. My heart is glad this hour as I look out over these scenes of my childhood days. I love the old stone church and the little school-house yonder across the green.

I am glad that after so many years upon the Pacific Coast you have let me come to this cherished spot and speak these words to turn your thoughts to past and future. I love these friends and townspeople gathered here. Down yonder across the fields is the old farmhouse where my eyes first opened on the light of day. Every foot of those ancestral acres is dear to me. But let me leave this word with you before I go. If I were to take you to that home that I love so well and were to set apart one spot as above all others hallowed, it would be the little chamber where I was wont to close my eyes in sleep in childish innocence. And could I but lie down, after these many years of absence, within that little room, I think I still should strain my ears to catch the creaking of a door, the soft rustle of a woman's garments and the liquid murmur of a mother's voice as she kneels beside the bed and asks God's blessing on her boy. Ah, mothers of New England homes, you little know what destinies of budding states and springing empires you hold within your arms; what impress your evening prayers are making on the lives of your daughters and your sons; how the rustle of those robes and the murmur of those prayers will come back to them in after years like the rustling of angel pinions to bear their thoughts away to heaven.

"O State prayer-founded, never hung
Such choice upon a people's tongue,
Such power to bless or ban
As that which makes thy whisper fate,
For which on thee the centuries wait
And destinies of man.

"Then let thy virtue match the crime,
Rise to a level with the time;
And if a son of thine
Betray or tempt thee; Brutus-like
For father-land and freedom strike,
As Justice gives the sign.

"And unto thee in freedom's hour
Of sorest need; God gives the power
To ruin or to save,
To wound or heal: to blight or bless
With fertile field or wilderness;
A free home or a grave."

The Ministry of the Rev. James H. Merrill

By Rev. JAMES G. MERRILL

MY father came to West Parish in the prime of his manhood. He was in his forty-second year. It was his purpose to remain pastor of the church only so long as he could do the full work of the ministry. During his entire professional life of nearly forty years he had the handicap of ill health but so strong was his moral purpose, so tender his conscience, so thoroughly did he have himself in hand that he accomplished more than most ministers with robust health. One fact illustrates this. When he laid down his work he had in his possession several sermons that he had never preached. His fear that his chronic ailment might at any time become acute and thus unfit him for adequate preparation for his Sunday services led him to keep in advance discourses that would stand him in good stead in such an exigency.

Father's preparation for his work in West Parish was of a high order. As a college student he ranked among the best in his class, few surpassed him in the Theological Seminary. He had had the advantage which always comes to a minister of having taught school. He had had a successful pastorate of seventeen years to close which cost both people and pastor a great anguish. Add to these a minister's wife of rare gifts and attainments a very help-meet to her husband and fortunate indeed was West Parish in securing as pastor one whom Dr. Jackson recommended to them and whom he strongly endorsed.

He came to a model country parish. He could have searched in vain far and wide without finding a people equally to his mind with that of West Parish in the fifties, a large and regular congregation, a devout and highly es-

teemed church membership, an intelligent, self-respecting company of farmers' families with a manufacturer and a few of his employees and their households made the constituency of the Parish well nigh ideal of its kind.

I can see the men who came into church, gentlemen of the old school, they regarded it the proper thing to go to God's house with a decorum that belonged alone to the sanctuary and with an attention to matters of attire quite absent from many rural communities today. The women also were of a high order, not club women, nor fond of society, but well informed and especially so in the truths of God's word. For many years the students of the Seminary had taught classes in the Sunday school, and as a result the large number of women who had met from Sunday to Sunday these bright young men eager to impart the teachings of the brilliant corps of Professors then upon Andover Hill became remarkably apt in biblical lore.

With such characteristics in pastor and people it is not to be wondered at that a happy and prosperous twenty-three years was the fruit of the union begun May first, 1856.

A few of the salient points of these years merit attention.

During the period covering this pastorate there was a decided improvement in the property of West Parish. My waggish uncle who used to spend some of his leisure time with us, much of it in the graveyard, used to affirm that when the meeting house was builded a premium was paid to the architect who should present the ugliest possible plan for a church. The tower that surmounted the structure in such a way as to make both it and the church ill-proportioned was a constant eye-sore. Then too the interior of the building was disfigured by stove-pipes running through the entire length of the room and ornamented with tin receptacles that caught the creosote induced by this length of pipe and what a purgatory was

the front entry with its stoves made red-hot with blazing pine and maple. The side galleries and old-timed windows, the straight-backed pews into which the families locked themselves during service, the pulpit an expensive compartment which father entered closing the door behind him, these all had a horror of esthetic lines. The whole structure reflected the temper of the times when the artistic was well nigh sinful and utility was the only object to keep in view.

The present graceful spire has always seemed to me an inspiration. I do not know who conceived its fine proportions, but as it reaches heavenward, to a distance that makes it visible from the different openings of the rural drives about, it is ever a thing of beauty, the projection upon which it stands has made the whole structure excellent in its proportions, while the interior of the church never fails to be admired.

It was during the same pastorate that the vestry was builded. When father came to the parish the prayer-meetings were held in the school house, the front seats in which had no attraction to any who had attained their growth of limbs while its size and proportions defied all the principles which make a room an element of success in a prayer-meeting. The horse-shed question was an abiding problem. Its successful solution involved so many perplexities that it only passed through the first stages during father's time, subsequent movements making necessary an appeal to the General Court until the present capital adjustment of the whole matter had been reached. I have often wondered at the grace which pastor and people must have had to endure the wretched deformity of the dilapidated weather-beaten sheds over against the nicely kept church, vestry, and parsonage, such a sight in the region in which I now live would not be so disturbing, to thrifty farmers who kept their property in the best of trim it must have seemed an insult to heaven.

Other matters interested the parson. Trees were planted and in the time of dry weather watered as the parson's boys can testify but the triangle near the church with its vigorous elms and maples is an abundant reward for all the labor bestowed.

As a preacher father's highest aim was to do his people good in the house of the Master. He regarded it a sin to preach a great sermon for the sake of its greatness in a homiletical sense. I doubt whether any of his people knew his real mental grasp, so rarely did he regard it right to put in evidence his scholarship or his literary attainments. He spent all his time and strength in the effort to lead the flock away from sin and into the paths of piety and virtue. His pulpit prayers were remarkable. Their fervor and spiritual up-lift are a tradition and blessed memory in the parish today. Members of other churches where he preached on exchange have remarked the same to me. They were the fruit of secret and family prayer of a life marked by close communion with God.

The Prayer meeting was a special delight to my father. He made careful preparation for it. He sought all possible allies especially in the way of music of which he was very fond and in which he was quite adept. There he had great advantage. The West Parish choir in the early days of his ministry was notable, with its violin, cello and flute and the rich voices of its sweet singers, a few of whom still survive, nearly all of them earnest Christians, who were of vast assistance not only in the stately service of the sanctuary but the less formal prayer meeting.

He believed thoroughly in the value of the prayer meetings as a source of spiritual and intellectual growth. Many a young man in West Parish has received a training in the prayer-meeting equal to that which many acquire in an academic course. I remember well my father's joy as he told me of an address which one of his deacons made in Tremont Temple, remarking at the

time that he gained his facility in public speaking at the West Parish prayer-meeting.

Father believed in revivals. Nothing so cheered his heart as the signs of approaching religious interest. His whole being was aroused when there began to be conversions. No one ever had heard him preach his best who had not listened to him in the time of a spiritual outpouring. Some of you recall the great revival in Frye village and the part he took in that, a revival that reached men of marked intellectual gifts, who had previously boasted of their infidelity and atheism. The rolls of the church will show accessions which indicate the fact that there were several times of refreshing during his pastorate.

Father believed in Missions. He cultivated the spirit of giving among his people, he practiced it himself. Few people in those days knew more thoroughly the claims of our mission fields and few churches gave more in proportion to their financial ability.

Pastoral work was his delight. To know the people in their homes was his joy. To carry their burdens, share their anxieties, enter into their hopes and aspirations, to be ready at their summons to lend a hand and commend their cause to the Father of us all was his constant aim.

He was not content to do merely the work of the minister of the parish. As opportunity offered he served his town as a member of the School Committee and as Trustee of Punchard Free School, in whose prosperity he took a profound interest. He believed, moreover, in the wider fellowship which was represented by the association and conference to which West Parish and its minister belonged. Rarely was he absent from these gatherings, and it was a matter of principle with him to do his part in sustaining them.

During the early part of the ministry that I am considering, the times were serious to an extent that the young people of this audience can hardly realize. The great

anti-slavery debate was culminating in the attempt to elect a President who should stand for human liberty. The Fremont campaign occurred the first year of father's pastorate. Then came the years that led up to the election of Abraham Lincoln. These were followed by the awful civil conflict that made vacant many a chair in the West Parish, the parsonage had its representative in the army, two of the deacons sent forth their boys, the pulpit and the prayer-meeting had no uncertain ring, the cause of the slave was valiantly championed, the duty of the patriot was stoutly told. There is a tradition that so strenuous was the preaching that one or two auditors stalked out of the meeting-house, saying that they would never enter its doors until they were carried in in their coffins. The prayers of the sanctuary seemed like an echo from the days of the old patriot prophets who carried night and day the burdens of their native land.

It was worth everything to have lived and wrought at such a time. No matter how lowly one's life it was counted for or against a vital national issue. To live a self-centred life was well nigh impossible. To shape public opinion fell largely into the hands of the pulpit. To free a race of slaves and save the republic from dismemberment was in no light degree the mission of the clergy of the North. West Parish had at that time in the sacred desk one who was abreast of his times, made a conscience of his patriotism, who believed that America freed from slavery and secession was the high goal for the patriot and Christian to attain.

And now the time had come to decide the question whether father should lay down or continue the work which he had faithfully performed for twenty-three and one-half years.

Three courses lay before him. One to remain a year and one-half longer and thus round out a quarter of a century of service. This would have been the course which a justifiable sentiment would have dictated. A

second course was to remain for an indefinite period, so long as he was able to preach at all and do a minimum of parish work. Justice seemed on the side of a decision of this sort. He had given the very best years of his life to the Parish; it would seem no more than right that the people should refuse to cast him off in his old age, should on the other hand abide in patience under such ministrations as in his declining years he could render them. A third course was to resign at once and bid the parish seek a minister who was in the fullness of his strength.

He left the decision of the matter to me after a full and frank stating of the case.

The course to pursue seemed clear. It was not an hour for sentiment. The physical weakness, although unattended with mental or spiritual decline, was an evidence that even a year and a half of work such as his conscience would compel him to do would be done at the risk of confirmed invalidism on his part and abridged service of the parish. It would afford an opportunity for any one who had not known him in his best days to criticise him as he then was and look upon him as an incumbrance rather than an inspiration. The parish, too, had been declining, the men and women who had wrought with him had died, their farms and estates had passed in most instances into the hands of an alien population, congregations had diminished, and financial strength had waned. In the face of such conditions it did not seem best to try to fill out the quarter of a century.

The same reasons decided against a life term of the place. I have no doubt that had father decided to end his days as minister of the parish the large majority of the parish would have stood loyally by him to the end. But he had seen too many instances of men remaining so long as by their last years to undo all that they had done in their best years. He determined to do that which he believed to be for the best interests of the parish and the

kingdom of heaven, leaving out of account the personal equation in the matter. He had faith to believe that if he did his duty his Father in Heaven would care for him. A faith that was amply rewarded, God having put it into the hearts of two of his parishioners to purchase a home which he and his widow have occupied free of rent for twenty years, and raising up from them other friends and relatives who have enabled them to live in comfort until this day.

By reaching the decision that he did, father closed his ministry with the love and good will of all, and, although he was no longer pastor and moved away from the parish that he might not embarrass a successor in his work, there never was an hour until the day of his death when he forgot the people whom he had so long loved and served. And when the time came for him to die, those who had loved him as their pastor and friend bore his frail body to its last resting place in a choice location in yonder cemetery where it lies among those who had been his co-laborers and friends, many of whom he met when he crossed the river, many more of whom have followed him there. A few of us still abide of those whose lives he so greatly moulded, awaiting the hour when our work is done to go and be with him, and, more than all, with the Master who enabled him to fight the good fight and to finish his course, and who has already permitted him for fifteen years and more to enjoy his reward in the city of gold where sickness and death are unknown and the blessed Master ever dwells.

A Reminiscence of Ten Happy Years in the West Parish

By Rev. FREDERICK W. GREENE

Phil. III: 1.—"I thank my God upon my remembrance of you."

WHEN your pastor wrote me in the summer that you wanted me to make an address at this anniversary reminiscent of my pastorate, I was quite in despair. For I never acquired the "journal habit". As I had no journal, and had as an additional handicap, a very poor memory, I feared that my side of the anniversary would fall flat. But then it occurred to me that of course you did not want a history of the parish during my ten years among you. For you had much better material at hand for that than I could have, to say nothing of men and women fully able to write of it from a much less prejudiced standpoint.

So I concluded that what you really wanted was a little glimpse into my thought and heart, that you might see what impressions our ten happy years of fellowship had left there. This I thought my memory was capable of for its specialty is ideas and emotions and though absolutely untrustworthy as to words, dates and figures, it has always served me well in this way. And in what I have to say I shall take the liberty of using Matthew's method of grouping together similar ideas rather than Mark's more direct chronological arrangement. Or, perhaps, I had better say, my arrangement of material will be more like that of Dr. Selah Merrill's lecture upon one hundred things about Jerusalem, going from one group of associated ideas to that standing next to it on the stage of my memory. And I regret that I shall have to use so frequently the personal pronoun in what I have

to say, for it always carries with it the impression of egotism. But this seems to be a necessary accompaniment of the autobiographic method, and only the other day I heard some one say of that almost perfect bit of recent autobiography, "The Making of an American" by Jacob Riis, "what a naive exhibition of supreme self-conceit".

But there are some things I will not deal with, viz : the question of growth as measured by numbers on the roll of membership. Or figures in columns of benevolences. These things have some meaning but they are usually over-estimated. Enlarged membership does not always mean spiritual growth, nor do large benevolences always stand for the development of the church in the spirit of the Master. If I could count the noble motives awakened or the higher aspirations suggested in a few Christian hearts, it would be a better measure of our real growth. For any spiritual gift which I was able to impart for your establishment was quite as much the result of that which you inspired in me as we went in and out together before God, as of any natural ability, and the blessing I received was far greater than I gave.

The question of success or of failure in any one epoch of a church's life is measured not by man but by the Great Jehovah who binds the generations together. The faith and prayer of Mr. Merrill's long pastorate was a most important element in any success I may have attained. And the smiles and tears of Mr. Burr wrought a place for the seed in some hearts which I had the privilege of harvesting. While Mr. MacFadden could probably talk more intelligently about my failures than I, myself; familiar and painful as the subject is to my mind. But we will leave the question of success or failure to where it belongs, with the Head of the Church and proceed to our memories of fellowship along the way.

The first flight of my peculiar memory takes me back to the first impressions made upon me by the parish.

And to describe them in a word they were the impressions of a *home*. I had preached in several churches as a supposed candidate, but I never knew the peculiar sensation of "Noah's returning dove" till I came to the West Parish. Here I felt at rest, at home, and I think the feeling never left me or was ever wanting when I stood before you in the church. It came to a great many who dropped in to worship with us, and I cannot refrain from saying that some little things added much to this home-like atmosphere, as for example: The kindness and courtesy of such young men as Charles Jameson in caring for the teams of the lone ladies and Miss Angie Burt's wonderful taste in the decoration of the church. Then came that pleasant council and my first introduction to the Andover Association of Ministers, with the genial Mr. Carter for moderator and the energetic Mr. Wolcott to give me the charge. The memory of how kindly Professor Smyth dealt with my crude Hartford orthodoxy, would still make my heart warm toward Andover Seminary even if it had not been supplemented by innumerable courtesies afterward. Then comes that first sermon which you were so good as to approve of, or what was better, the text proved a true description of your attitude toward all my preaching.

It was from I Thess. 11 : 13. — "And for this cause we also thank God without ceasing, that when ye received from us the word of the message, even the word of God, ye accepted it not as the word of man but as it is in truth the word of God which also worketh in you that believe."

Other sermons come more quickly to my memory probably than they do to yours, so that you will permit me "to stir up your pure minds by way of remembrance" concerning a certain Fast Day sermon upon the True type of fasting as Isaiah interpreted it, viz. : "By dealing thy bread to the hungry and bringing the poor that are cast out to thy house," and which recommended a more friendly relation between all classes and conditions

of social life in the parish. It was the most powerful sermon, measured by direct results, that I ever preached, for it brought Mrs. Greene and myself four invitations to tea before Sunday School was over. I learned the true meaning of Fast Day here among you, as I tried to make the Governor's proclamation an intelligent call to you, but just as I was thoroughly convinced of its worth myself, you abandoned it entirely in Massachusetts.

I remember with a good deal of profit the Christmas and Easter tides which we celebrated together. At the end of a series of advent sermons in the first year I shall never forget my joy at the sight of six candidates for church membership who came to the parsonage to meet the committee. It was the first fruit which it was permitted me to garner in the Lord's harvest field, and I rejoiced exceedingly tho' I knew it was but entering into other men's labors. I think I first encouraged you in the Episcopalian habit of celebrating Holy week with daily services. Whatever the little company who attended those services may have gained from them, the pastor felt that some of his most deeply spiritual experiences came at those periods and he was convinced that the reflex influence on his after preaching must have helped to repay some of you for your faithful attendance.

Communion seasons and the Preparatory services preceeding them, come vividly before my mind as I review the deep emotional experiences of those ten happy years. I talked very directly to you at such times and you received very lovingly and practically my suggestions. We finally dignified the Sacrament by giving up the whole morning service to it, a good habit which I hope you continue to this day.

While we were together God gave us at least one special revival experience. It was under the strong ethical preaching of Mr. Mills, who Professor Park said preached like the younger Edwards. Those few days of Union services and intense spiritual activity did more

than any other experience of my life to convince me of the power of the Holy Spirit to influence public opinion.

The influence of the movement was not to be measured simply by converts. How easily all the wheels ran for a year or two afterwards. It was about then we began to run the barge with such marked results upon the attendance at morning service. It was that year or the next when we averaged by actual count one hundred and sixty-five at our morning service throughout the twelve months. Even the New England weather seemed to have been converted and we had hardly an unpleasant Sunday in that year.

And speaking of revivals, I remember Mr. Merrill said that they always started in the Osgood district. The rule proved true at that time also, and how I learned to prize those Sunday evening meetings in the school-houses of the Osgood and Abbott districts. The drive in the cold sometimes over bad roads, sometimes in the beautiful moonlight nights of spring or autumn, but always ending in a delightful bit of spiritual fellowship with simple, humble-minded men, women and children who came expecting help and therefore seldom, I believe, went away disappointed. Our three services for our three districts was certainly the best solution of the second service question for our community. But they never could have been kept up without such royal Christian workers as Deacons Holt, Abbott and Boutwell. All honor to them and the faithful Christian Endeavor workers who stayed up their hands. God only knows the worth of such service to the cause of his Kingdom in this community. How faithfully we went through the parables and miracles of the Lord. The Commandments in the Old and the Beatitudes in the New Testament. It was here that I contracted the habit of preaching series of sermons, a habit which I fear some of my present parish would like at least to modify. But you seemed very patient and followed me even through the messages of the different books, and into the intricacies of theology.

When I found the West Church it was already loyal to the prayer-meeting. No church trained by Mr. Merrill could have failed to be so. Such helpful speakers as Mr. and Mrs. Cutler, the deacons, and others insured a profitable gathering when they took part, and they generally did. I doubt if we always kept the standard of the prayer-meeting up to Mr. Merrill's ideals. I remember my dismay when I found that some of the deacons had stopped coming to the midweek service. But I have since learned there are worse faults in deacons than neglect of the prayer-meetings. It is certain that some of our young people did learn to speak helpfully in those services, and from the suggestions which I received from the programme of your last year's prayer-meeting committee, I am sure they must still be enjoyable. The meetings were sometimes small, but they were always a help and inspiration to the pastor. The Christian Endeavor pledge being directed, as we used it, to the church prayer-meeting, certainly proved a harness in which a good many of us learned to work easily and gladly, and the church has great reason to bless the organization as a training school for its young people both in word and work for the Master.

Memory goes back, too, to the little gatherings of the Bible and history clubs that used to meet at the parsonage dining-room. I fear they were rather abortive efforts as far as actual visible results were concerned, but they drew us together, they gave us an outlook on the broad fields of knowledge we could only partially possess, and they helped at least to make us humble by showing us how little we did know, while they may have awakened in some a real desire for deeper investigations.

More successful was the fortnightly or Polygon Club, as it was afterwards called. This originated in the fertile mind of Mrs. Beard, whose thought and energy were always at the command of the church, and the boys and girls of West Parish had no more earnest and intel-

ligent friend than she. And of outside organizations I think the Grange did a great deal to cultivate the social and intellectual side of our little community. It may have drawn off somewhat from our purely church socials, but it did the work of the Kingdom nevertheless, and after all it is for the Kingdom that the church is working and not for herself alone.

But I have saved until the last that which I esteem to be in many ways the most unique and memorable feature of church life in West Parish, and that is the church socials under the auspices of the Seaman's Friend Society. From the very first night when I was greeted so warmly by you all and began to try to apply the names, which Mrs. Greene and I learned by heart while on our honeymoon, those socials became red letter days in my calendar. It seemed to be the side of the work which always went of itself. Of course I knew that behind it was the faithful effort of the directresses of the society, and the earnest coöperation of the host and hostesses, but things always seemed to move so smoothly that I never had any doubts of their success. Whether held in the vestry or in your houses the gatherings always seemed to have a personal element in them, and to be the *real* thing rather than the imitation. However discouraged I might be the day before the service, the day after when I had looked so many of you in the face and taken you by the hand and we had broken bread together, hope bloomed afresh.

Shall I ever forget the one hundred and fifty gathered at the parsonage, and the six cream pies that were left over after the hungry multitude had been abundantly fed. How freely it was given and how good it all was. Mr. Tuck's coffee specially.

Do you remember one winter's night just after a snow-storm, when we were due at Mrs. Boutwell's for a social, and took out our sleighs and broke the roads and came in large numbers? How wondrously the road was decorated as for a bridal! and how gracefully everything held its load of white up against the dark blue sky!

And in recording the artistic effects we must not forget how our barn of a vestry was changed into a pleasant parlor, cheerful and homelike, by a few chairs, a carpet and some paper, supplemented by the gift of our splendid piano.

By the way, how easily that money was raised, because each took the scripture method, and laid by him in store at the first of the week that which he thought he could spare to make his church home beautiful.

The Juvenile Missionary Society, so long an institution of the church, made a yearly impression upon us all, in that most sensitive place, our pocket-books, and, what was better, it trained up our young people to believe in the practicability and delight of trying to obey the Lord's last command with its world-wide outlook.

I have since known something of the discouragement of working in a church which has had no such training, and I appreciate its worth.

One more feature of those years which I should be loath to leave unrecorded, was the pleasure and profit of our Annual Reunions. The plan of having a practical matter of church interest up for debate has always seemed to me to be one of the most satisfactory ways of reaching the real minds of the people, and the West Parish had such good debates. I remember well one such reunion, when Deacon Boutwell and Mr. Edward Burt were among the debaters, and we took up the question of whether our church would undertake to lay aside something each year for the higher education of her young people. I sincerely hope that the decision reached that night may always be a characteristic of your church policy. I always approached these annual meetings with dread, but I always went away from them joyously impressed with the fact that the conscientious common sense of West Parish and its people could be depended upon every time.

But the church and social fellowship of those ten years

is closely associated with certain glorified faces, which come before me as I continue to dream.

First of all there is Mr. Merrill, whose smile of greeting was always a benediction, and whose loving sympathy and advice made many of the heavy burdens of an untrained minister lighter for his successor. I have not time to say what his prayers afforded me of inspiration, or his sincere word of approval meant by way of reward. And of course his grave, christlike face is always associated with the broad, genial one which gladdened his ministry, and which God has still left to brighten our life.

Then there is the serious, earnest face of Deacon Moore. I fear he did not always approve of my theology or methods of work, but he kindly and honestly stated his opinion and helped us to make wise choices in many ways, and gave us all his sympathy and prayers. And beside him there seems to stand Mrs. Moore, the Dorcas for so many households, who, while caring for her own, did not forget the scripture injunction "to mind also the things of others". Beside them in my thought are always to be found the plump, round figure of Mrs. Trow, with its beautiful and refined face beaming comfort and sympathy upon us all, making her home so happy while she lived, for her husband and children. And that husband, our most faithful sexton, who, as he so often said earnestly, and backed up with his actions, was "always willing to oblige", and never found any service too arduous or too taxing upon his slight strength to be willingly given to God in the service of the West Church.

Then there was dear Mrs. Abbott, whose love for the church and prayer-meeting burned so bright that it seemed to melt the snow and light the path before her as she trudged through the dark, in rain and snow and wind, to take her place with the two or three who kept their appointment with God in the house of prayer.

Now, two stately figures come before my mind just as they first came to call upon the new minister. One of

them, Isaac Carruth, the courtly, Christian gentleman with his intense interest in the world as it was and his strong conviction that it was growing better all the time, who passed from you during the last decade of his century. It was my privilege to be present and follow with you as you laid his stately form at rest. The other, his fit companion, still lingers with you in frailty and weakness, but I was thankful to learn in greater comfort just now. They belonged to the old school of "quality", and were good examples of its dignity and merit.

But among these older faces, for most of you live to be old in the West Parish, there is one younger one, whose short but earnest, intelligent, spiritual life was one not without its influence upon us all. Frank Holt lived and won the crown of victor in a span of life shorter than that which some of us take to begin the christian race. These are only a few of the cloud of witnesses which hover about me as I review that decade of service, and the savor of whose christian lives added zest to its accomplishment and sanctity to its memory. Of the living I may not speak, but not because many of you were not also an inspiration and perpetual joy.

The sorrows and joys of my own life were first experienced in your fellowship. Here I brought my bride to our first home, and the thoughtfulness of one of you who always remembered the wedding day with a bunch of lilies-of-the-valley is a part of the parish history that is worthy of record.

When the angel of death made his first visit to our home, he claimed not only one, but my father and first little daughter almost together. The loving words that some of you spoke then, your kind thought and presence even at the last services in New Hampshire, are treasured up forever in a memory that lets many other things slip. And your gift of a lot among your own beloved dead seemed fitly to fill to the full the cup of sympathy.

The changes that come with years are felt most in our

homes and the church home is no exception. When I took up the work of the parish, Mr. and Mrs. Merrill said the parish could never be home to them with Deacon Smith and Deacon Holt gone. But the new deacon, Peter Smith, and Deacon Francis Holt seemed to satisfy my heart and awaken my enthusiasm as completely as their fathers had satisfied Mr. Merrill. Indeed, such an honest interest as all the deacons felt in the work, and their willingness to speak plainly their minds and then coöperate to carry out the will of the majority, is, I am led to believe, rather exceptional in churches.

But the West Parish has changed since I was here. Only two of the seven houses on which the parsonage windows look out still shelter the same families or stand in the same names. I know now something of what Mr. Merrill meant. But, brethren, it is neither names nor places that bind the generations together. "The eternal God is our dwelling place and underneath are the everlasting arms." The faith which we have in the Living God and the great name of Father by which Jesus has taught us to think of him, this gives the unity to our church's life.

While with you I tried earnestly to carry out and supplement the ideals which I had received from Mr. Merrill, the only one of your former pastors whom I knew. I cannot do better perhaps in closing this rambling reminiscence than to define them clearly, for they came to be so defined in my own mind as I feebly wrought with God to bring out the pattern in the life of this church.

First then: The church as the *Family of God* into which is to be wrought more of the family spirit of sonship and brotherhood through the cultivation of hospitality, sympathy, and sacrifice one for another. But it is brotherhood through sonship, for the shortest way to our brother's heart is not always direct but along the bond of love which binds us both back to the Father's heart and life.

Second : The church as the teaching mother who trains the souls of her children in the threefold functions of their spirit's life, thinking, loving, and doing.

In the third place, my ideal was to make this home of the Divine family a true mission center, from which it should be not our sorrow but our joy to send forth not money only, which is the poorest crop our farms produce, but men and women, trained in body and mind and conscience, and shod with a divine readiness and purpose to work with God at home or abroad, wherever the work and the Master workman shall have need of them.

In my own struggle toward these ideals there were many things which I would gladly forget if I could. The mistakes and failures have always bulked large in my thought of those years. And I can only say that in spite of them all there always burned in my heart during those ten years an honest love to you and to God and a desire to serve you both.

And, brethren, the fire has not gone out yet.

